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SECTION TWO.

WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1919.

SECTION TWO.

**TOMORROW'S CHAPTER WILL BE WRITTEN BY CAPT. WILLIAM WOLFF SMITH,
EDITOR OF THE WALTER REED HOSPITAL "COME BACK"**

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author will be allowed
to kill one or add one.

What Has Happened Up to Date

Major Knowles receives a letter from a Denver bank advising him to begin search for Madeline Lucille Connor, who had left Colorado for Washington, carrying the details of a secret process for the transmutation of base metals into gold. Knowles is held up by four Chinamen, who secure the letter. He is rescued by Captain Henderson, who had just been robbed of a letter received from Miss Connor. Fuller and Snyder take to get the letter from Madeline. Mrs. Thayer is also trying to gain the confidence of the Colorado girl, while Wu Tsang, the Chinese diplomat, is working under a cloak of mystery. Lieutenant Kimball has been kidnapped and Madeline Lucille Connor, who has been trapped in the office of Fuller, makes sensational escape out of eleven-story window, reaches adjoining office, falls into meshes of conspirators again, is taken to house of Wu Tsang, who locks her in mysterious cabinet. She escapes via secret chute, discovers Kimball, both rescued by Knowles and Henderson. Thayer traps Kimball in auto ambush; takes him to Wu's temple. Knowles displays chart to conspirators to collar after finding Madeline and Kimball. Fuller throws lightning match into mysterious powder, there is an explosion, conspirators escape. Madeline taken to cottage on an island in the Potomac. Fuller and Snyder return back in hydroplane, pursued and pursued almost meet in Raleigh. Wu and partners make wild dash in auto, followed by Madeline and her friends; both machines plunge into river. Wu and Thayer taken to Ft. Myer. Fuller and Snyder leap overboard from rescuing motorboat and return to Raleigh. Triangle cut from chart at Ft. Myer. Wu and Mrs. Thayer released. Madeline and Kimball into deserted house where he exhibits missing triangle. It hurls into flames, out the smokestack and lands on intake at the Capitol, where it is found by Chinamen. They are arrested, triangle recovered by Kimball. Chinamen sent to Occoquan. Madeline visits Capitol, seized by Orientals and thrown into vault. She escapes into apartment, found and taken to hospital, later falls into clutches of conspirators, speeding machine halted. Madeline taken to Raleigh, where she regains sanity. Again decoyed by forced boat to Wu's yacht, escapes by leaping overboard, picked up by Kimball in hydroplane, taken to Virginia cottage, where Kimball discovers house is surrounded at midnight by strange weird figures resembling camouflaged trees, which prove

to be hungry hounds searching woods for Kimball. Fuller reaches Washington, Fuller in series ad in personal column calling meeting of conspirators; all attend except Kimball by means of pocket wireless telephones overlooks plotters scheming to seize get Madeline in their possession. He goes to rescue and upon reaching house discovers Knowles has left with chart and then hears a pistol shot. Madeline returns to Raleigh with three officer friends, Snyder taken to Camp Humphrey wounded in leg. Fuller remains with him. Madeline in triangle of love with Kimball. Henderson and Knowles, visits popular resorts, followed by Kimball who is introduced to Mrs. Thayer, by French officer—he fails to recognize her—Madeline returns to Raleigh, discovers Wu Tsang slipping from beneath her bed. Police rescue Madeline and arrest Wu Tsang. Fuller and Snyder recognized by Adjutant at Ft. Myer and detained at Camp Humphrey. Madeline receives delayed bouquet from Kimball, who secures marriage license and wedding is in progress when strange voice exclaims, "I forbid it!" and Madeline faints. Henderson recognizes voice as that of Wu Tsang and chases Oriental from church through Washington. Finally overtaking him in store, where Wu by superior strength overpowers naval officer and seizes chart and triangle and makes his escape. Aided by detectives, Henderson and Kimball make search of Wu's temple and they are later joined by Madeline and Kimball, and when safe is discovered Madeline produces key, which she had found in house on her first visit. Opening safe, discovery is made that papers have again disappeared. Fuller and Snyder tell Wu they have chart and triangle in safe at hotel. On way to recover papers, Wu is dragged and taken to railroad tunnel, where he is bound to rails directly in path of onrushing train. Henderson makes daring rescue of Wu. Oriental swears friendship for his deliverer. Madeline and Kimball go to Zoo and Madeline again disappears. Fuller and Snyder drug Henderson and Kimball and throw them in sewer. They are found by what they think is an old colored man. It was Wu. He leads men to safety. Then escapes Madeline to Temple of Mystery, demands secret wild walls of underground chamber are closing in. Madeline discovers actual trap, escapes, rents house in suburbs, sets present from Fuller and Snyder, in shape of goat, which later swallows the triangle.



CHARLES C. FOSTER.

Superintendent of Occoquan and writer of today's chapter of "Camouflaged."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE By CHARLES C. FOSTER

Like Mahomet's coffin, swinging between heaven and earth, the mystery of the triangle hung pendant while Kimball and Henderson and Knowles stood in the living room of Vine Cottage, staring at the bound and helpless Madeline and the unconscious Wu Tsang.

For the moment, paralyzed by the panic of their discovery of the girl, they loved and the man THEY feared, they remained motionless, but as ready for action as the Discus Thrower of the U.M.W. The scene might have been a painting by Melancthon, so vivid with arrested action did it appear, until suddenly, just beyond the point where the goat still stood, chewing upon the last remnant of the triangle that was the key to the secret process of transmutation, base metals into gold, the triangle which Madeline Lucille Connor sought, the triangle that was to have brought fortune to her and Kimball and Knowles and Henderson, the triangle that Wu had stolen and that the girl had mysteriously recovered, something tiny and dark moved like a trickle across the floor. "The little brown mouse!" gasped Archie Knowles, remembering how it had once saved Madeline from destruction.

Stealthily, warily, as if endowed by human intelligence, the mouse crept over the floor toward Wu Tsang. Upon the outstretched hand of the Chinaman it rested. Slowly the hand moved as if to close over the little animal. Just as slowly the lids over the almond eyes began to lift. Wu Tsang looked up at the trio. His eyes never faltered. Then they rested upon the goat for a moment, speculatively, questioningly, ere they returned to watch Henderson.

"What has happened?" he asked him.

"That's what we want to know," answered Henderson. "Madeline's unconscious. So were you."

Wu Tsang lifted himself on one elbow, while his hand caressed the little brown mouse.

"And the goat?" he inquired.

"Has eaten the triangle," Henderson said.

The old, slow smile passed over the mask of Wu's face. "And so the fortune dissolves," he said, "not into air, but into the goat."

"Well, you're out as much as we are," said Kimball.

"We are none of us suffering loss." "How do you make that out?"

For answer the Chinaman lifted his hand from the mouse and reached into the pocket of his jacket as the mouse, released and apparently reassured, ran across the room and disappeared behind a bookcase. "Here," he said, and drew out his hand to

wave before the astonished glances of the three men five triangles, all alike. "I had six copies made," he told them, "before the original was stolen from me, but they lack something."

"Who stole it?" Knowles demanded.

"That," said Wu, "is for me to say."

He lifted himself from the floor. "You will find," he said, "that Miss Connor is not injured, only stunned."

"You'll pay for this," Knowles declared, his jealousy aroused as he saw Kimball striving to revive Madeline.

"Why should I?" Wu asked. "I came just in time to save her."

"From whom? Snyder and Fuller are prisoners."

"A lady left just as I came," Wu smiled. "She went in haste. But I think that you will find that the two gentlemen are no longer prisoners."

He crossed the doorway. "Spirits of ammonia might be of service," he added, solemnly, looking at Kimball's solicitude for the unconscious girl. "Will we meet again?" Wu smiled derisively. In a second he returned. "Might I take the goat?" he asked them.

Henderson laughed. "Take him along, Wu," he permitted. The Chinaman grasped the right horn of the goat and led him out.

The door closed. Wu Tsang was gone.

A moment later Madeline, coming out of her stupor, looked dazedly at the three men. "I think I'm dreaming," she said. "I always hoped you'd find me, but I didn't know you'd come all together. It's a little hard, isn't it, on a Sleeping Beauty to have three fairy princes arrive?"

"It's not a joke," said Kimball with a little silliness, Knowles thought. "We came here, to find you bound and Wu senseless."

"Wu?" she cried. "Why, I didn't see him. It was a woman who rushed in on me and bound me. She thrust a needle into my hand. She studied the tiny mark of the prick."

"Did you know her?" Henderson asked.

"No—no," she said, and Knowles had the impression that she lied. She would say no more, however, of whatever scene had occurred in the cottage. "Take me away," was her plea.

"I'll take you," Kimball volunteered, but Knowles interposed. "I've an idea, Kim," he said, "that you're the one to block Wu's game. If the triangle was stolen from him, it was stolen by one of the Chinamen who

attacked me and who tried to double-cross him in the house in Connecticut avenue. They are down at Occoquan now. Take an airplane and get down there—fast. Then we'll get together quickly and put the puzzle in shape."

"Where'll we meet?"

"Pohick Church," said Henderson. "Can you make it at 9:30 tonight?"

"Even if I'm arrested for speeding in the air," Kimball declared, seeing that he must assume the risk, even if it required foregoing the interview he wished with Madeline.

He swung out of the cottage, waving them farewell. "Do you think he'll come?" Madeline asked, a trifle wistfully, and Knowles, thinking of the last time she had met Kimball at a church on the day that was to have been their wedding day.

"Oh, yes," Henderson declared heartily. "We'll come, too."

"We'll get out of here," Knowles decided for the girl. "You're far safer at the Raleigh, where one of us can be around most of the time."

"I suppose so," she acquiesced. "You know, don't you," she asked Knowles, as Henderson went for her bags, "that it was Mrs. Thayer who was here?"

"I thought so," he said. "Did she know you recognized her?"

"I'm not sure."

He wondered why she told him when she had not told Kimball. How much did she know of Kimball's continuing association with the woman? She said no more of the incident, however, and seemed her old self when the two men led her from the cottage and down to the car. Henderson had summoned. Knowles took the wheel, and sped toward the city.

"What'll be next?" he laughed as he ran the machine in beside the curbstone in front of the Raleigh.

What was to be next unfolded itself to him as a bellboy sought him—after Henderson and Madeline had taken the elevator. "You the army man with Miss Connors?" the boy asked.

"And if I am?"

"I'm to give you this."

It was a heavy, square, white, unaddressed envelope. He opened it and read the message it contained. For a moment he hesitated. Then a sudden resolve formed in his mind. He looked at his watch. It showed 4:45. "I'm just in time," he decided, and summoned a taxi.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the Humming Bird Tea House begins to fill with the after-the-matinee, just before-dinner crowd of Washington. Men and girls stroll in and take their places at the tiny tables under the

Chinese lanterns while white-jacketed, white-slipped Chinese waiters pass to and fro in deft service. Few of its patrons come alone, and few enter with any purpose weightier than the whiling away of an idle hour! But among the few who came that day after he had been with Madeline Connors was Archie Knowles.

He had known from the moment that the bellboy at the Raleigh had given the note to him, that the heavy white letter—unaddressed and unsigned though it was—had been intended for Frank Kimball. Its message, "Come to the Humming Bird today and have your fortune told," might have been written to any man who happened to receive it. It might even be part of a well-planned advertising scheme. But the old sixth sense in Knowles, trained in his Colorado boyhood and his later residence in the New Mexican mining camps, assured him that the note had been a decoy, and that it had been sent to Kimball. Therefore, since Kimball was expected, KIMBALL WAS NOT TO GO.

As he sat in the corner, his back to the wall, Knowles asked himself who sent the summons.

Wu Tsang, probably, since the Humming Bird was in all likelihood his property, or, at least, his to command! With that idea in mind the Major waited and watched. Something was going to happen—he knew something was going to happen—before he left the Humming Bird. But nothing at all out of the usual occurred until a gypsy girl, gay in red and green and yellow, bright of eye and heavily laden with brilliant bangles, flouted her way through the room.

Through the spaces between the tiny tables she threaded, pausing here and there with a laugh or a jest, sometimes long enough to fling out a pseudo-prophecy to men or girl who besought her to linger. Knowles, watching her keenly in recollection of the message that he had unwittingly intercepted, realized that she, too, was watching and waiting. Was it for Kimball?

As she came toward his table he took the off chance, and drew from his pocket the envelope that the bell boy had given to him. He saw her start and stare at him. In an instant he knew that, whoever she was and whatever her purpose, she had recognized him and knew that he had somehow blocked her game. She started to turn away, and the thought came to him that he had seen her somewhere before. That toss of the head, that lift of the chin, that flash of the eyes—where had he seen them before? She whirled back and came toward him. He almost laughed at



CHARLES C. FOSTER.
Superintendent of Occoquan
Workhouse.



CAPT. WM. WOLFF SMITH,
Chief of Morale Division,
Surgeon General's Office.

Who "Lost His Goat?"

Ben S. Allen certainly gave the narrative a humorous twist by introducing "Billy." The question is, whose goat is it? The identity of the owner is cleverly "camouflaged."

**Today We Have
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